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AN INSTRUCTIVE CORPORATION TRICK.

One of the items in the Metropolitan Street Railway's answer to the city's suit to recover car license fees to the amount of \$50,000 is of more than passing interest. This is the allegation that in the case of the Third Avenue road "no fees are required since the charter of the company called for the payment of a fee of \$15 a year for cars operated by one horse and \$25 a year for those drawn by two horses; and since the company is not operating horse cars and has not operated them for ten years it is not called upon to pay a fee!"

The argument is ingenious, worthy, as a technical evasion of charter provisions, of the high grade of legal talent which street railway corporations find it profitable to employ. It excites a layman's admiration.

Yet regarding the equity rather than the legal aspect of the Third Avenue's obligation to the city, is not its plea of evasion of a kind with that of the bunco man or the green goods swindler? The Third Avenue line still uses the franchise the city granted it, a grant worth millions by the present reckoning of street franchises. Its large earnings, which made several millionaires in times past and are still in spite of bad management a potential source of even greater wealth, are wholly the fruits of the city's franchise. And neither at present nor in the past when a street railway's business was of far less magnitude has the rate of compensation been an adequate return for this bounty. Yet now it is proposed to evade it entirely by what is on its face a trick of the most palpable sort!

It is very likely that this plea will be sustained by the Court. If so, it will serve both to recall the lax methods of franchise granting in the past and to emphasize the need of the present public vigilance which scrutinizes with grave suspicion every gift to a municipal utility corporation.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

S. M. Griswold, President of the New York State Bankers' Association, recently gave bank clerks these precepts for becoming presidents:

Always be neat and orderly about your work in the bank. Always be prompt. Make few engagements, and always keep them. Be cheerful; don't complain of every little thing. Try to inspire people with confidence.

These qualities are admirable in others besides bank clerks. But the disheartening thing to the aspiring young about their elders' recipes for success is that too frequently when they look for inside secrets they are provided with copybook mottoes with which they have long been familiar. The inner processes of success are not divulged.

Let us apply Mr. Griswold's precepts to two bank clerks now prominent in the public eye, the one because he has been elected President of the Chemical National to succeed the late President George G. Williams, and the other because the trustees of the Bowery Savings Institution have just rewarded his fifty-one years' service as clerk by giving him a gold watch. In his address when presenting the watch to the old clerk Mr. W. H. Parsons said: "You have proved yourself an honorable, faithful and conscientious employee. You have been trusted and not found unworthy. Yours is a record of which you may justly be proud."

Sentiments which Mr. Griswold will indorse, as echoing his own, and which we all indorse. But has not Mr. Porter, the Chemical's new President, and only a few years ago a clerk in the Fifth Avenue Bank—has not he also been "honorable, faithful and conscientious?" But did those traits make him President? Were they not simply the foundations on which his business success was built?

It is the mistake of employees like the Bowery clerk and of moralists like President Griswold that they lay too much stress on qualifications which are to commercial advancement what the A B C is to literature. They are essential, but they are not all. Mr. Porter got on by learning the duties of the man ahead of him and preparing himself to fill his place if it became vacant. While he was a clerk he equipped himself to be a teller; when he became a teller he learned how to discharge the duties of assistant cashier; in that place he was ready to become cashier, and when a vice-president was wanted he was competent to fill the position. The faithfulness and conscientiousness were there all the while, but it was not by reliance on them alone that he became the Chemical's president.

DIVINATION AND OTHER DELUSIONS.

A Newark Justice has dismissed the case against an "astrologer" who had been arrested on the complaint of Mrs. Elizabeth Holsternmann, who alleged that the astrologer had induced her to invest \$1,000 in a turf concern. The astrologer "read it in the stars" that the investment would prove profitable. Either the stars or their reader were in error and the money was lost.

The Judge ruled that all the defendant did was to employ astrology, which, in the Court's estimation, was a "science" and consequently not proper grounds of guilt in the case.

The Judge's decision does not, of course, make astrology any greater or less a humbug than it was and has been and ever will be. Nor would his decision change the status of palmistry or chiromancy or fortune-telling or of any of the various kinds of "divination" in which credulous women are led to put confidence while parting with the dollars on which a multitude of pseudo seers and "magicians" and wizards and all that fraternity prosper and wax fat.

But it is a matter of real regret that a judicial sanction should be given to this sort of credulity. The woman who finds out from the palmist that a broken line in her hand means sudden death at a certain age and "crosses" indicate illness, and some other of nature's cuticular processes in the palm point to insanity or other equally horrifying future—such a woman takes to heart the delusive prophecy and indulges morbid fears which are in truth nothing but a quack's fancies.

The number of otherwise sane and sensible members of society who attach an exaggerated importance to the horoscopes and forecasts and "fortunes" told them by these false prophets of superstition is, unfortunately, legion. It is a pity that it should be so and a regrettable thing that any Judge should in any way contribute to the foolish logic of these fancies.

The Importance of Trifles.—A button with yachting insignia stamped upon it is relied upon as a clue to clear up the famous dynamite mystery. A button in the hands of a World reporter, it will be recalled, disclosed the identity of the bomb-thrower Norcross. It is the little things that count largest. There was the nickel in Charles Knapton's restaurant pocket, which stopped and fastened the police, that would otherwise have indicated a mortal

ARDENT ARCHIE AGAIN PROVES THAT HIS LOVE IS A FIXED QUANTITY.



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

"NEW YORKERS rage for the moment over outrages that come under their eyes, but they are the least persistent in pushing for reforms of any people in the country," said big Tim Sullivan. "I frequently think when I see anything that should be corrected by the authorities that I will notify them, but the good resolution is seldom acted upon. We are so averse to making a matter which is everybody's business our business."

Grace George knows an elderly woman who in an affection of youth has dyed her hair a vivid golden. "Do you know Miss —?" asked a friend, naming the Golden-Haired One.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss George sweetly; "I knew her when her hair was still gray."

Ex-Borough President Coogan was reflecting deeply on some intricate problem. A stranger stopped at his side and said, "I want to go to 123 Washington square."

"All right," said Mr. Coogan; "I'll wait for you."

When Howard Gould went to Columbia it was naturally supposed by his classmates that he would make a splash in the way of riotous spending of his princely allowance. There were a gang of tondies enough to help him in this expenditure. To every one's surprise, however, the young multimillionaire affected the simplest possible attire, habits and tastes. As one of the professors said at the time: "Without being stingy, that young man sets a perfect example of economy."

Secretary William Leavy, of the Fire Department, says: "The speed of New York machines has been greatly increased by the asphaltizing of streets. In spite of the growth of the city, which has made speed more dangerous, responses to fire alarms are made quicker in New York than in any other city in the world. Formerly, when the streets were paved with uneven stones, this was not possible, and many Western cities had faster departments than ours. Much more than half the battle with a fire lies in prompt response, and the better the streets the quicker the fire can be got under control."

"Did you ever notice the difference between better pitchers and his pose for a picture?" asked "Mugsy" McGraw. "It would look fine for a batter to swing his club away back over his shoulder and you imagine him knocking the ball a mile; but when he's doing business he doesn't dare do it, for if he did he'd strike the umpire's chair after the ball was in the catcher's mitt. He holds the bat in front of or a little in advance of his right shoulder and gives force to his blow; if he lands on the ball, with the swing of his body."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

By Rail 21 Miles, Air Line 20 Miles.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the distance by railroad, also the shortest distance between New York City Hall and Summit, N. J.
COLDFAK.

"Handful" Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says "I caught seven handfuls." B says "I caught seven handfuls." Which is right?
A. F.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is any gold put in pennies? E. I.
The Seventh Was on Duty There.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that the Seventh Regiment was on duty at the Brooklyn car strike of 1895. B says it was not. Who is right?
J. P. B.

Changes at Coney Island.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I visited Coney Island yesterday for the first time in three years and could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the many changes. I noticed particularly that the leather-lunged and coarse-languaged "barker" had largely disappeared, and in his place could be found young men neat in appearance and using the best of grammar. I listened fully twenty minutes to a young man on one of the side streets who endeavored to convince a crowd of people that the show inside was no fake, fraud or humbug (to use his words), and who invited them in, with the understanding that if they were satisfied they could pay five cents on the way out, and nothing if they were not. I took the liberty of asking if he kept the same business in the winter months. Imagine my surprise when he answered that he was an undertaker! Such is the age of improvements. HENRY J. GOODRICH.

Thursday and Thursday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can you tell me on what days March 3, 1893, and April 19, 1893, fell?
G. M. L.

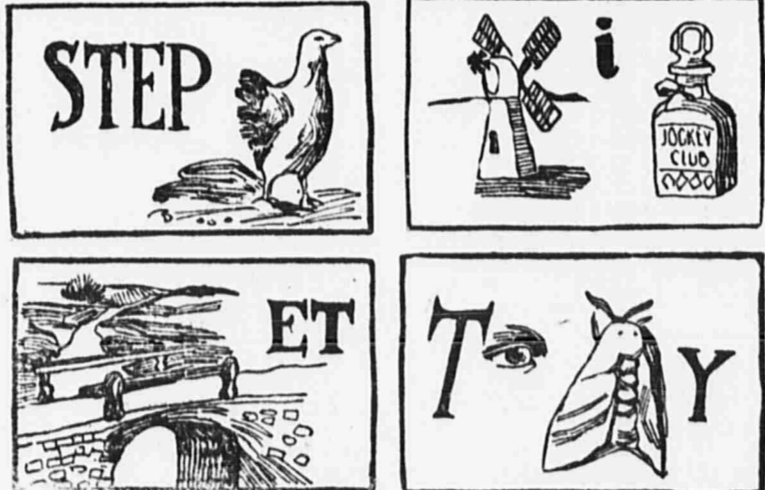
"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK" VS. LITTLE YOUNG NEW YORK.



At the coming anniversary 'twill be plain to the most cursory Observer that few things have changed in ancient Gotham Town. For the average local venture is the same as in the centuries When folks used schnapps instead of rye their miseries to drown.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT FOUR NAMES ARE HERE?



Four names—two of boys and two of girls—are represented in these four pictures. Study them out.

EIGHT SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

A certain fellow who answered advertisements in cheap story papers had had some interesting experiences. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. And he did. It was to "Take the pledge and keep it." Then he sent fifty two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turkeys successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull." Being young, he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read: "Sit down on a pan of dough." It was a little rough, but he was a patient man and thought he would yet succeed.

Next advertisement he answered read: "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them and he would see his money doubled. Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and he got a package of needles. He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work like the devil and never spend a cent." But his brother wrote to find out how to write without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil. He paid \$1 to learn how to live without work, and was told on a postal card: "Fish for suckers, as we do," London (Ed.) Echo.

"CAP AND PACKAGE PARTY."

Quite a pleasant evening's diversion may be obtained by the cap and package party. Both children and older people can be delightfully entertained in this way. Let each girl make a cute little "folly" cap of tissue paper. A great deal of taste and ingenuity can be displayed in the selection of colors. An especially pretty one could be made of white and pale green paper, fancifully gotten up, with fringed border, or pale rose and green, or white and yellow, for instance, colors to correspond with the hair, and most every girl will know that. Then for her escort (for it will be well to have an equal number of boys and girls) a peaked cap to match her colors.

Now for the "package" part. "Each one is requested to bring an original package, well wrapped up in white paper." These packages are taken by the hostess and placed in a nice big bag. Later in the evening, after some preliminary games, the bag is passed and each one, in order to have a grab, must be prepared with a well-known saying or quaint quotation, repeated instantly or they forfeit their turn. The grabs are almost all of unique order, trifles that are useful and can be amusing also. A nice looking party of boys and girls or young men and women, fancifully decked in their sure-to-be becoming caps, makes a pretty picture. The caps are kept as souvenirs of a happy evening.

HOW CAN THEY CROSS?

Three Spanish merchants, with their bags of gold, wish to cross a river with their valets. Only two men can get in the boat at a time; one must always return for the others. As the valets want to steal the gold, one merchant must never be left with two valets, nor two merchants with three valets. How can they manage it?

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

HIS INTEREST.

Gertrude—You say you've only been there two weeks and have an interest in the business?

Vansant—Yes; I was two hours late this morning, and the boss told me I'd better take some interest in the business in the future.—Magazine of Humor.

GOOD MEDIUM WANTED.

"Now that we've struck dry land again," said Shum, "what shall we do first?"

"Start a newspaper, of course," replied Noah, promptly. "What's the use of having this marvelous mastodon menagerie if we don't advertise it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

"What is it?" the druggist sleepily inquired from the bedroom window.

"This is the drug store, ain't it?" said the man who had rung the bell.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Want to look in your city directory minute an' see where I live."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

JUST IN TIME.

"The hurricane was providential," says a rural exchange, "as it blew him, head and shoulders, through the roof and showed us where the weak spot was in the shingling."—Atlanta Constitution.

NO PROFIT IN IT.

It was the morning after and he wanted a small loan.

OVERHEARD ON BROADWAY.

Pauline the Pessimist Finds No Joy in Living, Coney Island or Broadway.

"WHAT has saddened my young life?" said Pauline the Pessimist. "Why, Coney Island. Say, why don't I then dramatize it? It's the saddest place I know of except the Morgue."

"You know me and Mazie Montessor, who used to sou-brette to my ingenu in the stock in Saginaw last season, didn't speak, but I met her at Coney Island and realized there was no use hating anybody and life was full of sadness and aching hearts. We went right up to each other and hugged without a word. At Coney Island, with the sad concert halls, and the cheap crowds hawking the slapstick comedy, and the noise, you realize that life is too serious to quarrel. We didn't even kiss. We were so glad to make up that the old game of handing a cold cheek and hating worse than ever was forgotten."

"I was surprised that Trixy Fortescue, Mazie's chum, wasn't with her. But Mazie told me in confidence that Trixy's fiancé had given her another black eye and that their engagement was off."

"Isn't it terrible when engaged couples will have such dreadful tiffs? Why, you might as well be married!"

"I asked Mazie what she was doing at Coney Island, and she said she had been blue for a few days and wanted to have a good cry, and she knew if she couldn't get a good case of weeps at Coney Island her case was desperate."

"Such is gay life in a great city! Give me a medium-sized town where a City Councilman's daughter gets socially ostracized for putting on her brother's suit of clothes and going up into the opera-house gallery with a derby hat, with her hair pulled up inside it, pulled down over her eyes to see a burlesque show."

"That's why I went on the stage. If you want to know the truth of it. For three weeks afterward there was a picture of me—drawn beautiful—only it didn't look like me, in the Police Gazette, and a whole lot of people who know me in Altoona, and who had always cut their own hair up to that, went to Tony's Elite Memorial Parlor just to see it. I couldn't stand the notoriety and I ran away and went on the stage. But when we played me home town with the Ideal All-Star Stock, ten, twenty and thirty, we had crowded houses for a week to see me as Phoebe, the maid, in 'Lady Audley's Secret,' and as the vivandiere in 'A Celebrated Case.' And even the paper that was opposed to my paper politically spoke of me as 'One of Altoona's fairest daughters now displaying her undoubted histrionic talents at our beautiful opera-house.'"

"But there's nothing in a theatrical career. Thirty weeks of one-night stands around the water-tank circuit and six weeks hanging around the dramatic agencies in the good old summer time. I wish I had stayed at home, where the only social relaxation is going down to the depot to see the trains come in, or getting engaged to commercial travellers, who borrow a ring from you to get the size to send you a more expensive one from the next town and don't."

"I'll be homesick now for a week. And yet I know if I went back on a visit I'd get sore because the only place to go to is an ice-cream parlor with olecloth on the floor that gives you toothache to think about it."

"I suppose my stage ways would make scandal, for the only thing they have to talk about now, my married sister writes me, is that Sister Johnson, whose father keeps the big feed store, is back from boarding-school, and it is suspected that she is teaching some of her closest friends to smoke cigarettes."

"Broadway is tiresome, and sitting around a furnished room trying to fix over a mid-winter overcoat so it will look natural hitched onto a summer shirt-waist, is enough to blight the blithest."

ROY L. MCARDLE.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Children! See on our Pedestal The form of John C. Sheehan. Although an old-line Democrat He's joining hands with Tommy Platt Next fall to knock the Tiger flat (Which beast shows signs of standing pat At least 'till the time bein').